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ITHACA AS IT WAS,

AND

ITHACA AS IT IS;

WITH

THOUGHTS SUGGESTIVE OF THE FUTURE.

BY H. C. GOODWIN.

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# ITHACA AS IT WAS, AND IS;

WITH

## THOUGHTS SUGGESTIVE OF THE FUTURE.

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TOMPKINS COUNTY was named in honor of Governor Tompkins. It was organized in 1817, having successively belonged to Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca counties.

Its area is about five hundred and eighty square miles, and contains three hundred and seventy-one thousand four hundred acres of land. Estimated at \$30 per acre, and it comes to the round sum of \$11,142,000. The land is composed of a rich alluvial and sandy loam soil, producing every variety of agricultural product common to the middle and western States. Premiums have been awarded for corn yielding one hundred and twelve bushels and thirty-eight quarts per acre; and wheat, fifty-six bushels and twenty-eight pounds.\* About three-fourths of the county is improved, and the average amount of grain grown yearly is hard to be surpassed by any county in the State—acre per acre. Indeed, the man of business and agricultural taste, passing through Tompkins county, will be most sensibly struck, with not only the prosperous appearance of the cultivator of the land, but also with the beautiful country, the variety of soil, and the promising crops. There are within the county, six prosperous villages, possessing wealth and intellectual worth of no ordinary importance.

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\* Joseph Goodwin. See Ithaca Chronicle, 1821.

In 1789, three men,\* of that hardy stamp and indomitable perseverance which so strikingly characterized the early adventurers of this then western wilderness, made a location on the rich flats, where now stands the flourishing village of Ithaca. What a change has taken place in sixty-four years! Then it took nineteen days for these adventurous spirits to transport their families from Owego to their new HOME—a distance of twenty-nine miles. Now the iron horse traverses it in one and a half hours.

The first frame house was erected in Ithaca in 1800, by Abram Markle. A carpenter by the name of Delano did the work. Luther Gere was then his apprentice. It is not a little surprising how Mr. Gere rose to affluence and honor, and after having become one of the wealthiest men in the county, by a reverse of fortune, was numbered with that poverty-stricken class, who are denominated as having no influence, little honor, and less credit.

Mr. David Quigg, who came here in 1804, opened the first regular store.† He entered into a kind of bartering business, from which he realized a reasonable profit on his goods. York rum cost twenty-six cents per gallon, and sold for \$1.25. Muscovado sugar cost nine cents, and commanded eighteen and three-fourth cents per pound. At this time large quantities of maple sugar were made by the back settlers, so much so, that one hogshead of muscovado supplied the retail trade for one year. At the same time loaf sugar was worth thirty-one cents. Salt commanded \$4 per barrel. Mr. Quigg supplied the whole range of settlers between here and Tioga Point. Nails found a ready market at twenty-five cents per pound, and leather was not dull at thirty-eight. His wheat he forwarded to Owego by land carriage, then down the Susquehanna on arks to Baltimore, realizing fifty-six cents on

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\* Peter Hinepaw, Jacob Yapple, Isaac Demond.

† Messrs. Lightfoot and Markle had previously exchanged some goods for furs, but were not established merchants.

the bushel. In 1807 he shipped some two thousand bushels, and in 1808, 9 and 10, an average of four thousand. His cattle were driven to the Philadelphia market, where he received a profit of \$5 per head. Good cows were then worth \$16 a head. Oxen \$50, and three year old steers about \$18. Horses were worth from \$75 to \$80.

There were no oats, buckwheat, or corn grown for sale. Butter at this time had not been introduced into the market, and consequently Mr. Quigg was not, as now, a speculator in that valuable product.

The first heavy goods brought by water, came up the North River to Albany; were then conveyed by land to Schenectady; then through the canal at Little Falls, and then through Wood Creek, Oneida Lake, Onondaga River, Three River Point, Seneca River, Cayuga Lake, and the snaggy Inlet.

The expense of conveying these goods through this devious and singularly winding course, was \$2 per hundred. Or if conveyed hither from New York with teams, by way of Catskill, the charges were just doub'le, or \$4 per hundred pounds.

A Post Office was established in 1804, and Richard W. Pelton appointed to its charge. In 1805 Mr. Quigg erected an ashery, and opened a trade with Montreal.

In 1806 Ithaca numbered some twelve houses, six being "frame buildings."

In 1809 the village had increased to thirty-eight dwellings, besides several mechanic shops, stores, a public house,\* and a respectable school house. Wealth began to cluster around the home of the hardy pioneer. An increasing population developed new enterprises. Active minds will not lie dormant at times when the noblest energies of man are required to act. New villages are springing up in every direction, and the wilderness gives way before the

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\* The Hotel.

strong arm of a resolute, determined people. Trumansburg, Jacksonville, Burdett, Mecklenburg, Ludlowville and McLean, have suddenly rose to view, and the joyous shout of gladness is echoed from every hill, and re-echoed from every valley, while the eye brightens, and the cheek glows with the blush of honest hope, and health, and peace. On rolls the tide of progress. With the name of Yapple, Dumond, and Hinepaw, are blended those of McDowel, Davenport, Bloom, Starr, King, DeWitt, Patchin, Conrad, Quigg, Markle, Sager, Brink, Treman, Beers, Judson, Cheesebrough, Collins, Van Orman, Banfield, Miller, Green, Goodwin, Smith, Rector, Van Eitten, and Shoemaker. The combined strength of these adventurous minds soon made the welkin ring, as they subdued the forest, and with the torch, the smoke, and the flame, proclaimed to distant settlements the march of improvement—the progress of enterprise. The productive earth becomes obedient to the laborer's will, and the rich products of a virgin soil are their reward. The matron who had left the home of cherished friends, to become the co-partner with him she loved and cherished, greets the noble pioneer with one of those bewitching smiles, so natural to a true-hearted, devotional woman. The lay she sings is sweet as erst were tuned from lute or lyre. And seated round the blazing fire, the achievements of the day are recounted with honest pride. That little log domicile is now their paradisiacal abode, where sweetest joys impart, a bliss as pure as virtue's self. There are hopes and pleasures more divinely pure than reigns in court or kingly palace. Wealth could not buy them; crowns could not betray or pervert them, for they are fresh from the heart, warmed by fond affection. There is no glare of false pride. No canting, hypocritical smile. The pioneers lived in sweet communion. A hundred converging rays bespoke the comforts of the rustic cot.

We love to emulate the virtues of those who have made great achievements in science, in arts, in literature, in the developments of great truths, the extension of freedom, or in stimulating to deeds of nobleness—to greatness—to the good of those by whom they are surrounded. We glory in their determined valor and firmness of purpose, and we take pride in pointing to them as examples worthy of copying after. We delight to honor those hardy sons of toil who have levelled whole sections of the forest, and made the soil subservient to their will. We feel grateful for the achievements of our fathers, for we enjoy the fruits of their labor. They were men of action—their lives were “stern realities.” What though they were of necessity compelled to make a repast on boiled wheat, crack their grain in a mortar, or journey an hundred miles to a grist mill, or make a tour of a hundred and sixty miles to obtain three pecks of potato eyes for seed, all were accomplished without invoking curses on the fates that were wont to be dictators. What though they saw themselves surrounded by hordes of wild savages, in a dense wilderness, with a scanty raiment, and without any of the luxuries of life; using paper windows, wooden trenchers, pine slab tables, and other *et ceteras* of a like character, still harmony reigned in the new empire of independent pioneers. These were great times—times of energy and action. The pilgrim fathers left their native shore, and braved the waves of the stormy ocean, to rear for them a domicile in the new world of promise, where the shafts of religious persecution could not molest them. They came,

“When crown and crosier ruled a coward world,”

and they found a rich and fertile soil, though the wilderness swarmed with prowling beasts of prey. Opposition to them was no barrier, for they were resolute men, and they gained the boon they sought. Such were the men who successfully strove against hardships and suffering in the

early settlement of Ithaca. They possessed no negative characters. They were men of activity and determination. Some of them had fought in the Revolutionary struggle, and others, when appealed to by their country in after time, shouldered the musket and battled for freedom's holy cause in the last struggle with Great Britain.

Ithaca is the county seat. The area of the town is about thirty-three square miles, and contains 21,120 acres of land. Until 1821 it was a part of Ulysses, when it was set off, and the village duly incorporated. The first town meeting for the election of officers for the new town of Ithaca, was held at the court-house on the third day of April, 1821. Nathan Herrick and William T. Southworth were opposing candidates for chief magistrate, or Supervisor; the former was successful by a majority of 125 votes.

Ithaca was honored with its "appropriate" name in 1806. It was named after ancient Ithaca, a beautiful city located on an island of the same name, couched in the sparkling waters of the Ionian Sea, and made memorable in the poetic lays of the Grecian bard—the immortal Homer.

In 1805 the first religious society was formed. This was of the Presbyterian order. The society numbered just seven members.

A public library was constituted in 1806, some \$300 having been expended in the purchase of books.

In 1808 the Ithaca and Owego turnpike was laid out and partially improved. In 1811 the Ithaca and Geneva road was constructed. The greater part of which was covered with heavy forest trees, and the laborious work was performed by the hardy pioneers, who had not only resolved to improve their new farms, but also the highway. We remember perfectly well hearing our father, who now lies entombed in the pleasant little cemetery near Jacksonville—around which are associated many mournful and sad recollections—tell of the great labor performed, and the hard-

ships endured, during the forty days he spent with his team in assisting in converting the Indian's trail into a passable road.

One night after having turned out his team to take their evening repast, he took an Indian foot-path bearing in the direction of his home. Hearing the sound of the well-known cow bell, he turned a little out of his course, and suddenly beheld, standing in the path before him, a full-grown deer. Levelling his unerring rifle, he brought him to the ground. In a moment, however, he was on his feet again, bounding immediately towards him. On, on he comes, with a determined resolve to fight for the insult offered in opening thus hastily his veins, from which streamed the red fluid of life. What now is to be done? He raves, stamps, and makes a terrible lunge at his antagonist, who meets him with a sled stake, once more bringing him to the ground. Springing upon the animal, and taking from his pocket a small *pen-knife*, with point broken off, he succeeds in dividing the great artery, which at once decided the fate of the conquered foe. Such scenes were by no means uncommon during the early history of our country.

In 1815 a printing press was landed here, from which Mr. Jonathan Ingersoll issued a twelve by fourteen inch newspaper. It afterwards passed into the hands of Ebenezer Mack.

The Republican Chronicle was first issued under the supervision of Messrs. Spencer & Stockton, September 6, 1820. The paper took strong ground against the then acting Governor, DeWitt Clinton.

The Presbyterian church was erected in 1817.

The First Methodist Chapel in 1820.

The Baptist in 1830 and '31.

In 1819 a branch of the Newburg Bank was established here with a capital of \$70,000.

The Ithaca Bank was incorporated in 1829, with a

capital of \$200,000. Charter expired December 21, 1849.

The Tompkins County Bank chartered 1836. Capital \$250,000. H. Camp, President. N. T. Williams, Cashier.

Merchants' and Farmers' Bank organized 1839. Capital \$150,000. J. B. Williams, President, Charles E. Hardy, Cashier.

The Ithaca Academy was incorporated in 1825.

A Hunting Club was organized October 18, 1823. The grand object of this organization was "for the purpose of having once in each year a regular deer and wolf hunt in some part of the county." Officers were appointed with power to make all necessary arrangements for a skirmish in December. The following circular appeared in the Republican Chronicle, Nov. 26, of the same year. We transcribe it as a relic worthy of preservation, and which may be new to many of our readers :



## GRAND DEER AND WOLF DRIVE.

TO THE MEN OF TOMPKINS COUNTY.

THE Chief of the *Tompkins County Hunting Tribe* gives notice, that the **GRAND ANNUAL HUNT** will take place about the full moon in the month of December next. The ground designated for this year is in the town of Newfield. Great care has been taken to survey and mark out a section of country embracing a circumference of about twenty-five miles, abounding with Deer, and much infested with Wolves, Bears, Panthers, Foxes, and other enemies of the human race. Every precaution will be used to prevent disappointment, and to guard against accident. *Men of Tompkins County!* this is a subject in which you

will all take an interest. The flocks and herds of our frontier towns are preyed upon by the Wild Beasts of the forest. The repose of the settler is disturbed by the midnight howl of the Wolf and yell of the Panther. We have declared against them a war of extermination. We have determined to perform in a day, what in the ordinary course of events, would be the work of years. You desire your share of fame—of sport and plunder. Then seize the present moment. If you do not, you will regret it, and say, "The Grand Hunt has taken place; the monsters of the wilderness have been routed from their hiding places, and I was not there." Advance then to our aid. I cannot give you the precise day of the Hunt; but you shall have notice when to come on. "Come in companies, pairs, or singly." I will organize you for the expedition. Ride to the ground if the distance is far, and send your horses back, or keep them until you return. But remember that every man who accompanies us, places himself under my command, and must submit to the salutary discipline of our regulations. Sportsmen of neighboring counties will receive the right hand of good fellowship.

BENJAMIN DRAKE, Chief.

WILLIAM R. GREGORY, Scribe.

The hunt, or annual wolf drive, took place on the 19th and 20th days of December. The colonels and commanders of companies repaired to the ground the day previous, for the purpose of making some explorations. The chief passed his countersign from Signal Hill at eight o'clock in the morning, after which the line of march was commenced. Surveys and sealed instructions were furnished to officers at head-quarters by the scribe.

The weather was intensely cold. The snow had fallen to a great depth the day and night previous, and was still increasing, when the expedition "took up their line of march." About eight hundred men set off, armed "with buckler and shield," dressed in fantastic garb, with waiving plumes, and with a courage that would look a wolf out of a "grin" of defiance, or make a panther drop his "tail" as an indication of his wish "of absence." Napoleon, with his 400,000 well-disciplined soldiers, was not more elated

on entering the dominions of the Russian tyrant, than were these expectant laurelled heroes when they had reached the confines of the wilderness, where might be heard the howl of the wolf, the scream of the panther, and the growl of old bruin. "Stop," says John, "don't you see that shaggy bear just back of that big white elm tree? let me blow his brains into the middle of the survey ground, where we will heap up the 'slain in battle.'" "No, no," replies Bill, "if we disobey orders, the Grand Scribe will not give us a *snifter* from his big canteen, and our laurels will droop in the hour of disobedience."

On march the heroes—not the victors of a hundred battles—but the keen-eyed marksmen, who seldom fail in directing the *leaden* death-dealing missive. All is joy, hilarity, and heroic hopes "of glorious war."

Now they pause. They have reached the survey grounds, and each company, dividing off in "warrior" order, they encircle a circumference of about "nineteen miles" of territory, embraced within the borders of Enfield and Newfield. The tracks in the falling snow indicate the certainty of "game," and every eye brightens at the prospect of gathering in the mangled forms of tigers, wolves, wild-cats, and gnarling bears. Closer, closer, press the men of musket, ball, and rapier-knife. On o'er

"Rocky dens and wooden glens,"

the waging foes of prowling beasts are moving up for battle's rage, and hunter's hopeful plunder. No bugle's blast, or fife's shrill note, or epaulets, nor fiery steeds, or fancied shrieks, are needed to give courage to the "hunting tribe," for

"Ambition courts promotion."

Hark! the howling wolf and frightened deer go bounding o'er the hills, for the warrior tribes are closing up in their pursuit. The surrounding lines are drawing in sight of each other; and now the sharp crack of the rifles tell

that the bloody work has commenced. Crack ! crack ! crack ! Bang ! bang ! go the shooting-irons, and down comes the lifeless beasts of prey. Just now two companies of the Cayuta boys, who feared the game would all be slain, and their rifles be of no more service, opened a way by which much of the "spoils" escaped to marshes bordering the Cayuta Lake. Thus ended the first scene in the bloody dramas in which the renowned Hunting Tribe of Ithaca took a conspicuous part. Would our limits allow, we would give another "leaf." As it is, we have only room to say that, we have lost a portion of our notes, and therefore cannot speak with exactness relative to the hundreds and thousands slain.

The "Moral Society" claimed almost every right that despotism would dare to sanction, or a crowned head would think to assume. Rights that in other countries and in other ages would bring the heads of such moralists to the block—divide an empire, or dethrone a tyrant. The right to drench an offender with water ; lassoe the boaster, drag him hurriedly to the creek, and treat him with a cold water bath ; to compel the "ignorant or uncivilized" to run the gauntlet ; the loafer to pass through a "mock trial," to be condemned and thrust into the landlord's bar, and pawned for a "dozen snifters"; the seizing of the drunkard and carrying him to close quarters, or consigning him to the care of eight or ten *lazaronas*, who hesitated not to strip the unfortunate man of his clothing and exhibit him to the crowd, who, in return of compliment, direct the offering up of a prayer to the heathenish Molock of intemperance.

The citizens of those days, if not strictly temperate themselves, had an abhorrence of inebriety in others ; especially if the subjects were not of their immediate community. Wo to the unhappy wight from another town who became intoxicated, and prolonged his stay in this embryo

village, or city, until after nightfall ! Willing, or unwilling, he was sure to be conducted to a safe enclosure, and there left, frequently with swine and cattle, to ruminate on his condition until the next morning. In short, he was incontinently led or carried to the pound, kindly ushered in, and there retained until another sun awoke him to life and sobriety. But he was not, by any means, like Colonel Benton, "solitary and alone;" sometimes no less than five or six, not including, geese, cattle, or swine, shared the same recess with him. For instance, the citizens were very active and persevering, and any tardy drunken foreigner was sure to fall into their hands. From sunrise to sunset he was perfectly safe; until then he might "eat, drink and be merry," without fear of danger; but if, after that time, he was discovered with a "brick in his hat," or in the least degree whimsical in his gait, he might depend upon an introduction to the pound. These pedestrian citizens soon became conscious and convinced of this fatality, and as the shades of night began to appear, they might be seen wending their way over the hills for their respective homes, or at least for a respectable distance from the village. Saturday evening was considered, and used to be called, "the Harvest Evening." On that day the "*peasantry*" were more abundant from the country, and at night the pound, as a matter of course, had the most victims.

This mammoth pound was situated on what is now known as Aurora street, on a vacant lot directly in the rear of the dwelling at present occupied by Mr. Alexander King. It was of a rectangular figure of about thirty feet by forty, composed of stout plank placed in an upright position, and in height about eighteen or twenty feet. The entrance was through a thick ribbed door, which was firmly secured by an enormous hasp and padlock. Once in, and escape was difficult even for a sober man, and almost impossible for one incapacitated by liquor. The outside

barbarians, particularly those who had suffered, regarded the gloomy and arrogant receptacle with pretty much the same sensations that former Frenchmen did the *Bastille*; and it was seldom passed by them without curses loud and deep being thundered against it. But to demolish it required both strength and time; and the very attempt, they well knew, would call to its rescue such power as must ensure their defeat. But revenge they would have, and as they could not inflict it upon the pound, they determined it should be upon those who upheld it. Their blood boiled within them when they reflected upon the nights they "had been penned up in that *infernal* hole," and they resolved to retaliate upon their persecutors. They went cautiously, soberly, and discreetly about it, and in some measure attained their object.

It was on a Saturday night, in the month of November, 1813, that a group were collected in the Hotel, then kept by Luther Gere. They were confabulating respecting a circumstance which had never before happened in the remembrance of the oldest inhabitant—not a drunken man from the vicinity had been seen on that memorable day, and the pound was absolutely without a human tenant. It was strange, passing strange. It was unaccountable, and the more they refreshed their sagacity with liquor, the deeper grew the mystery. What, in the name of wonder, had become of Jaconiah, and Old Galote, and Barney Spry, and Corporal Barber, and some dozen others, who had never before failed them? Not a man could form a conjecture, and even the President of the Moral Society acknowledged himself bewildered. In the midst of these surprises and commotions, a golden-haired urchin, and who rejoiced in the name of "Red Top," entered—his eyes distended with terror, and "each particular hair like quill upon the fretful porcupine." He wanted to know if any person had seen or heard of Mr. Grant, of the Coffee

House, who, after supplying a thirsty customer, had went some two hours ago to get a bill changed, and had not returned. None of those addressed had seen or heard of him ; but as it was not yet past ten o'clock, they did not think it very surprising, or at least alarming, that he had not yet returned to his home. This slight interruption produced no impediment to the " feast of reason and the flow of soul," and they continued their surmises and conjectures until the clock had tolled the hour of twelve, and were then about to separate for their respective dwellings, when a slip-shod maiden tumbled in among them, as if the arch fiend himself had given her a shove, and she inquired, with panting breath, if Squire Benjamin was among them. This gentleman, one of the lights of the day, equally revered and beloved, had, it appeared, closed his store at nine o'clock for the purpose of returning home, and his complacent countenance had not beamed on any one since. Things now began to grow serious, and the party ushered forth, and making due inquiry, ascertained that not only those already reported as missing, had not yet been heard of, but that two more were absent in the same mysterious manner. Terror and consternation was frightfully depicted on every countenance. Mr. Crawford Butler, a very active and energetic man, immediately procured a very large bell, which gave its brazen peals from one street to another, and which, accompanied by shouts and yells, alarmed the whole village, and soon every drowsy inhabitant was aroused. Each nook, hole and corner, was enlightened by flaming torches, and almost inaccessible places were pryed into. The pound alone escaped the *argus-eyed* explorators. There was not a suspicion or an idea that their departed worthies could be concealed, or immured within its hateful precincts, unless they had the wings of an eagle or some mountain bird. Besides, this was a receptacle for foreign offenders, not for praiseworthy citizens to

wander into. But with all their anxiety and perseverance not a discovery was made, and before the morning dawned the weary searchers retired for a temporary repose.

But we must hasten to a conclusion, and be brief in that. No fowler ever hastened with more alacrity to his net, or hunter with more curiosity to his trap, than young Ithacans were accustomed, at the glimmer of day, to visit the pound for the purpose of ascertaining what the night had brought forth. Nor was the ensuing Sabbath morning an exception. Scarcely had Aurora flung forth her radiant rays in the east, and foretold the Sun, before some half dozen of these beardless yeomanry, were peeping and straining their eyes through the crevices and knotholes of this gloomy and unadorned mansion. They looked, and looked, and looked again. What! did their eyes deceive them? Could it be possible! Were those most disconsolate looking men, with their mouths gagged, and their hands tied behind them, and who were pacing up and down this prison-house—this ill-constructed pound—were they four of the most respectable citizens! Were they Jesse Grant, Joseph Benjamin, Peleg Cheesebrough, and Zachariah Hogan? But doubt and suspense soon vanished.—The prisoners approached the place where the juvenile spectators stood, more fully revealed themselves to view, and partially mumbled their wants. The messengers hastened home, communicated the news of what they had seen and heard to their parents, and soon the intelligence had reached every ear. The missing were restored—the lost were found.

On the release of the sufferers, it appeared that on the previous night they had been severally and separately seized by a band of desperadoes, gagged and tied, the door of the pound opened by some master key, and were then unceremoniously thrust into this gloomy receptacle. They had endured much misery, arising from their position dur-

ing a bleak and stormy night, and of which they long after felt the effects.

The perpetrators of this outrageous act were never exactly known, but conjectures and suspicions ended in a settled belief, that those pedestrian citizens whose accustomed habits of inebriety had often made them inmates of this prison house—this terror to evil doers—were the very men who consigned them to the pound, an act which gave them a certain species of immortality. Not that they had performed a truly heroic deed. Not that kind of immortality sought by the laurelled warrior, whose feet had trodden on crowns, or whose hands had divided empires. Not that immortal renown won by heroic valor on victory's red field of battle. But they had gained that honor and that shame which unwarrantable retaliation ever weaves for the brow of the undignified oppressor. Some of those ill-treated citizens still live, honorable ornaments of society.

We live in an important era of the world; in an age of improvement and development of character. The arts and sciences are rapidly progressing. Religion and temperance unite in the good work of regeneration. Thirty years ago many doubted the propriety of temperance associations, and presumed the traffick in ardent spirits to be morally right. Things have changed. Few men will at this day engage in a business which increases the misery and degradation of the human family. We copy the following choice gem more as a curiosity than for any other purpose :

#### WHISKEY FOR WOOD.

The subscribers will pay two and a half gallons good WHISKEY per cord for dry PINE WOOD, delivered at their Distillery near Fall Creek.

Ithaca, Dec. 4, 1824.

GUN & BELDEN.

It is related of a gentleman well known in the vicinity of Fall Creek, who sold a valuable farm in New Jersey, for which he received \$10,000, and soon located his family on a hundred acres of choice land on the hill a little back from

the distillery. That he erected a comfortable dwelling house and outbuildings, and then, with his sons, bent his energies to the improvement of the farm. That as time moved on and the rich *fumes* and aromatic *vapors* which escaped most plenteously from the still worm, had an unfavorable influence on the father and his sons, tending not only to the derangement of business, but also to the utter annihilation of all their moral sentiments and social ties. That they sold and delivered to the proprietors of the *aqua morbi et mortis* one hundred cords of dry "pine wood," and the avails thereof carried up the hill in "a half-gallon jug." In a few years father and sons were found fettered to the tyrant foe. Time rolled on, and the fortune went to ruin's wreck. Diseases, if not entirely engendered by the contents of the poisoned chalice, were, at least, made more alarmingly fatal, swept some into untimely graves, while the father was hurried prematurely to his final "resting place." And the aged wife and mother, whose hands had become callous with toil, and whose heart had been broken with sorrow, and who oft trimmed, in her cheerless moments, the midnight taper, to beacon the faltering steps of her husband to the home he had made desolate, prayed and wept over the tombs of the departed. She knew they had lived drunkards, died drunkards, sunk into the drunkard's grave, and perhaps gone down to the drunkard's hell! In the little grave-yard on the hill rest some of their remains, and there we will leave them in the quiet repose of the dead! We would not knowingly cause one tear to start in the pitying eye, or one sigh to heave the breast of any remaining friend.

We delight in referring to the early history of our country; in calling up reminiscences of the past. Here in this valley, where less than one century ago roamed the untutored red men of the forest, then spreading itself out into all the rugged grandeur of nature, we now behold a numer-

ous, happy, and peaceful population of enlightened freemen. The wilderness vanished before the hand of civilization. The piercing yell of the savage, and the terrific howl of the wolf no longer echoes from hill to hill, but neatly cultivated farms bedecked with the tranquil abode of the husbandman, and growing villages now mark the aspect of our country. Here where art has reared these temples, consecrated to religion, to literature and science, once walked the stern Cayugas in all their native dignity. Here burned their council fire; here was heard the "war whoop, the death grapple, and the shout of victory." Yes, the sacred council fire had, for unknown ages, burned upon their altar of uncontaminated freedom. Its living light had been the beacon for untold years to the returning warriors, and its smoke had continually ascended in wreaths of grateful incense to the abode of the Great Spirit. Once they fished in our beautiful lake, and hunted on our hills, but they are now withered and fallen; their greatness has departed. Here the chant of the red braves was heard upon the war path; their dominion has been wrested from them forever; their glory lives but in the songs of their chroniclers; their grandeur unhonored by their exterminators. Where we now see glade and woodland teeming with all the blessings of civilization, the red man once stood with listless eye, the last remaining scion of his tribe; he came to bid farewell ere he should fly before the "pale face" towards the western wilds. He bade farewell, and down the warrior's cheek a tear was seen to steal its way unbidden from its fount; but like a warrior brave he brushed away the pearl, and ere the sun had set, his feet were wending towards the western sky. He looked upon the ruins of his ancient grandeur; he cast a last lingering gaze upon the home of his ancestors, now no longer his, and heaving one deep sigh for his glory, now alas departed, and turning his back to the orient sky, he left the mounds of warriors, hoping in

after time to rest in the "spirit land," on hunting grounds beyond the white man's rage ! Once his little bark did sweetly glide upon the white-crested foam of Cayuga's sparkling waters ; and oft along its banks he drew with sinewy arm the feathered arrow, that did its mission well. And here, too, the Indian maiden pored the song, and her sweet lays were borne upon the zephyr-breeze. Ah ! where the snorting water-horse now ploughs his way, her slender hands have spread the fluttering sail. But the dusky maiden's voice is silent now ; no more the midnight breeze bears her minstrel song along where once she wooed her noble brave !

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### ITHACA AS IT IS.

Such is the past. We now come to speak of the present — of Ithaca as it is. The contrast is hardly to be comprehended. The change from toil, privation, and constant effort, to those of ease, repose, and tranquility ; from the hardy pioneer's life, to one of affluence and splendor ; from the rustic garb to the finer and more costly fabrics of American or English manufacture ; from a dense wilderness, to rich, fertile fields ; from low, filthy, and miasmatic *lagoons*, to dry, healthy, and beautiful flower gardens ; from the absence of learning and literary pursuit, to the flooding of every species of intelligence. Our seminaries of learning are prosperous, placing the means of improvement within the reach of every citizen, while the church spires rear their imposing forms on high, as moral beacons to reclaim the wanderer in the paths of forbidden pleasure, and to bring them back from all their aberrations to a life of rectitude and repose.

We remember back when Ithaca was not a county seat ; when it was the extreme southeast corner of Seneca coun-

ty, with scarce population enough to form a respectable funeral procession. Those noble streams now performing great and valuable labor for the operative, were here to abide the will of the skillful mechanic. The spirit of enterprise awoke ; many master spirits, some of whom now slumber beneath the turf, with scarce a mark to point out the place of their sepulchre, went forward with energy in works of improvement. The erection of the county of Tompkins placed her in the judicial centre of a territory of which she had long been the business emporium, and by patient toil and enlightened liberality, the wilderness has literally been made to blossom as the rose.

The early pioneers were a hardy race of men. They shrunk from no responsibility, but freely grappled with the iron scourge of adversity. They were not of that passive character so characteristic of some of the wealthiest of the present day. There was none of that negative disposition about them. They were men of energy and action. They saw that they had a great work to accomplish, and nerved themselves for the effort. Behold the result. An enterprising commercial mart arises over the native soil of a wandering tribe, now almost, if not quite, extinct. Where once rose the smoke from the wigwams of the native lords of the forest, we now see costly private residences, public houses, manufactories, mammoth stores, and architectural beauty on every side.

In 1806 Ithaca numbered 12 dwelling houses. In 1853, as per actual count, we find an increase of 800. Then there were 17 families, now there are 847. In 1809 the population numbered 250. In 1825 it had increased to 1548. Gain in nineteen years, 1298. In 1853 the population is set down at 7000. Increase during the last twenty-eight years, 5452.

In 1806 there were some three or four mechanics. In 1853 the increase is upwards of three hundred.

Forty-seven years ago there were two streets, now there are sixty-two. We have arranged, and now give their names in alphabetical order :

Aurora, Auburn, Albany, Buffalo, Brindley, Clinton, Corn, Cascadilla, Chestnut, Columbia, Cayuga, Dey, Eddy, Elm, Fulton, First, Fourth, Franklin, Fountain, Fayette, Factory, Farm, Geneva, Green, Gulf, Hancock, Jay, Junction, Lewis, Linn, Linden, Lake, Monroe, Marshall, Mechanic, Meadow, Mill, New, Owego, Ontario, Parker, Pine, Prospect, Plain, Second, Sixth, Seventh, Spring, Spencer, Seneca, Short, Tompkins, Tioga, Third, Utica, Varrick, Washington, West, Walnut, Wheat, Yates.

Ithaca is favored with eight churches, seven hotels, one academy, fourteen public and private schools, two weekly newspapers, three bookstores, two banks, twenty-one fire, and eight life insurance agencies, six fire companies, two flouring mills, two plaster mills, one steam saw-mill, three storage and forwarding houses, six cabinet and chair shops, one sash factory, four machine shops, one pottery, one stone-ware store, one marble factory, two bakeries, four carriage shops, seven blacksmiths, three meat-markets, two tanneries, two leather depots, six barbers, one brewery, one gas company, one wool-pulling factory, two paper mills, three jewellers, five millinery shops, one cotton factory, two gun-smith shops, one undertaker, one oil-cloth factory, five saddlery and harness shops, one county clerk's office, one court house, one jail, one post-office, one town hall, one news office, one silver and brass plating shop, four daguerrean halls, five drug stores, five cigar and tobacco manufactories, five dentists, two chandleries, two confectioneries, one crockery store, three hat and cap stores, twelve clothing rooms, four hardware stores, fifteen groceries and saloons, eight boot and shoe stores, one railroad station, one express office, nine lumber merchants, fifteen dry-good merchants, under the following firms :

|                        |                      |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| D. J. Seaman,          | No. 32 Owego Street. |
| L. H. Culver,          | " 45 "               |
| S. H. Winton,          | " 48 "               |
| Seymour & Johnson,     | " 50 "               |
| W. T. Hopkins,         | " 52 "               |
| J. M. Landon,          | " 54 "               |
| Finch & Stowell,       | " 57 "               |
| Harris & Wilgus,       | " 60 "               |
| J. & J. W. Quigg,      | " 80 "               |
| John Kendall,          | " 84 "               |
| Avery, Woodworth & Co. | " 92 "               |
| Hoyt & Smith,          | " 91 & 93 "          |
| F. T. Greenly & Co.    | " 94 "               |
| Hibbard & Atwater,     | " 110 "              |

Without presuming any disparagement to others, we have selected a few of the more prominent business actors on whom we wish to bestow a favorable notice. Mr. L. H. Culver is one of the heaviest dry-good dealers, his sales varying from \$150,000 to \$175,000 per year. We recollect his attending the district school; and when on the farm, driving his father's team; we knew him an apprentice, now taking hides from a tan-vat, and now shaking with the ague, or bleaching with the chill fever. We see him in his under-ground grocery; now branching out a little, reaching farther, grasping more, adding hundreds to hundreds, and thousands to thousands. Ever busy, active, and energetic, he counts his gains with a certainty that surprises even himself. First and last at his store, his watchful eye is upon every branch of his business, observing at a glance the right and the wrong, and applying the action and the word together, sees all things move on like clock-work. He has every thing to sell, and a host of attentive clerks to wait on customers.

There's a BURRITT, a JOHNSON, and seven or eight more,  
 A SANFORD, a BAKER, who'll attend to a score;  
 There's TERRY, VANDORN, both active and free,  
 While CHARLEY, and others, should added here be.

At the stores of Messrs. Hoyt & Smith, dealers in dry-goods and groceries, you can feast your eyes with a sight of all that is rare, dazzling and beautiful. There may be seen the gaudy and the fanciful, the substantial and durable. Their purchases are made with taste and judgment, and their prices are exceedingly low. They adopt the motto of "small profits and quick sales." And why should not high tariffs and exorbitant exactions be repudiated, and the more reasonable and liberal dealers receive the custom of the mass of the people, who practice upon the principle "a penny saved is two pence clear." The ladies will find every thing in the millinery line at their store, as they have recently connected that branch with their former business, and are therefore fully prepared to suit all customers of taste and judgment. They have a rich supply of bonnets, blonds, braids and gimps, also a supply of fine rich flowers, all *Le Premier gout de Paris*. This is no "puff," it is sober reality. They are gentlemen, and decidedly fair traders, and most eminently worthy their extensive patronage.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. G. W. LOOMIS, is ever at his post, ready to do the agreeable in the most agreeable way to agreeable customers. Go on, George, you are on the road to fame. Continue as prompt, punctual and attentive, and yours will be a boon worth more than a crown studded with gorgeous brilliants. The same we most heartily say of our young friend, ANDREW J. GILTNER.

Messrs. J. & W. J. Quigg, (successors to David Quigg,) have recently removed to their new store, No. 80 Owego Street, where they are now offering to their old, and a host of new customers, one of the most splendid assortments of goods ever exhibited in any store in Ithaca, and they pledge themselves to not be undersold by any other firm. One thing is certain, they may, without the least fear, challenge a circuit of fifty miles to produce a more magnificent store. "Elegant;" really, Mr. Spencer, that word will hardly an-

swer the purpose. It is now made brilliant and dazzlingly grand. It is worth something of an item to look at, to say nothing of the chance of purchasing goods below par price.

Messrs. Hibbard & Atwater are young men of energy and sagacity, upon whom the sun of prosperity shines. Possessed in an eminent degree of that go-a-headative principle which is peculiarly calculated to make men useful, they have earned a reputation which has placed them among the best financiers of Ithaca. Their motto is small profits and large sales; and this principle is certainly in accordance with the spirit of the times. Every variety of goods will be found at their store, and at the most satisfactory prices. Prompt and attentive, honorable and just, we hope their future success will be, if possible, more abundant than in former years. We are fully aware of the importance of giving correct information, and we feel fully at liberty, and take to ourselves pride and pleasure in recommending their store to the agricultural part of community, for it is very certain that their's is really a farmer's store. True, they deal in the more fanciful as well as substantial goods. They have

Silks and satins, rich and rare,  
And cloths of every kind;  
And prints they have laid in with care,  
To suit the fairest mind.

Mr. J. M. Landon is now receiving from the city an extensive and splendid assortment of dry-goods of every variety and shade. His groceries are well chosen, and compare fully with those of other extensive dealers. He intends that his goods shall fully meet the desired wishes of his customers, and at prices the most reasonable.

His assortment is quite complete,  
His goods are fine, and nice, and new;  
He has scarfs and black cravats,  
And broadcloths brown, and black, and blue.

He has cashmeres, all nice and fine,  
And silks in which there is no cheat;  
Alpacas too, of every hue,  
And prints that never can be beat.

And groceries of every kind,  
Good tea, coffee, sugar and rice,  
And every thing to suit the mind,  
Tariff off, and low in price.

Mr. W. T. Hopkins, long and favorably known, keeps one of the best mercantile houses in Central New York. His goods are selected with great care, and are of the choicest in market. He does not intend to be undersold by any other store in the county, the quality and richness of the goods considered ; encouraging always an honorable competition, sincerely deprecating a reckless and dishonorable course. Willing to submit to the sober judgment of friends and the community, he adopts the motto of "small profits and quick returns." From the days of our boyhood, we have known Mr. Hopkins as a gentleman and an honorable man ; just what would naturally be expected, having sprung from a race of high-minded, energetic pioneers. And it is with no small degree of pleasure that we speak of Mr. H. and his splendid array of goods thus frankly and freely. He who sustains a good and worthy mercantile reputation, must not lumber his shelves with worthless fabrics, but must select the most valuable and substantial goods, and such is the course adopted at No. 52.

Messrs. Finch & Stowell rank among the heaviest dealers in town, and can furnish customers at prices perfectly satisfactory. This, if we mistake not, is the oldest firm in Ithaca, and is one of the most reliable character. We have never purchased an article of them which did not prove as good as recommended. They are open, frank, practical men, and not easily outdone in the quantity, quality, or cheapness of their goods. The frequent additions to their stock keeps a full store, and their long experience and favorable facilities for purchasing, together with their large sales, may be considered as prominent reasons for their moderate prices.

We now come to speak of a class of business men who should ever receive a word of encouragement from the liberal and well-meaning part of community. The young and enterprising, the ambitious and persevering, who have just launched upon the sea of life their little craft, with well trimmed sails set to the breeze, hoping by industry and economy, to receive a reasonable advance on their labor and cash capital—a moderate competence for old age, sickness, or the adverse gales of fortune. Messrs. Hinckley & Bates, who keep a fruit and variety store, and general oyster depot, next door west of the Hotel, are of that class of enterprising go-a-head young traders whom we should be pleased to see anchor their *laden* treasures in the port of prosperity. They are daily in receipt of fresh oysters per express from Amboy, Fair Haven, and East River. Country dealers constantly supplied on the most satisfactory terms. We bespeak for them the largest possible sales with a reasonable living profit. With every facility to please customers, they surely will receive a liberal share of public patronage.

Mr. L. H. Bronson is another of this class, and is pleasantly located in the new "DeWitt Buildings." He has a choice assortment of groceries, embracing every article usually kept in his line of trade. We have tried numerous specimens, and have no hesitancy in pronouncing them just what they are recommended to be—only a little better—the very best in market. His molasses and syrup, with a very little congealing, would serve well for runaway school boys to skate on. He is an enterprising young man, a gentleman and a scholar. Such a man will always flourish, get the dimes and troops of friends.]

Yes, Bronson is the man to sell  
So low, that all should wish him well,  
He's lots of goods that's new and cheap,  
A profit small he'll only reap;  
But as he sells so very fast,  
He sure will reap a *heap* at last.

Quick sales and rocks in change,  
To him are neither new nor strange ;  
He'll serve his friends—he'll serve them well,  
To all, his goods he's bound to sell.  
Trade where you can trade the cheapest,  
If goods are nice, and new, and neatest ;  
Then take a look in Bronson's store,  
When e'er you wish to purchase more.

Messrs. Garritt & Hillick, 62 Owego Street, general dealers in groceries, crockery and provisions, and have recently added a sprinkling of dry-goods. They have one of the best locations in town, and should do an extensive business. We notice their store with pleasure, and suggest by way of an experiment, a trial of their select teas, coffee, sugar, and other choice articles of trade. Their assortment is quite full.

Messrs. Page & Pratt, proprietors of the "Empire Boot and Shoe Store," are located at No. 55 Owego Street, sign of the "Big Red Boot." We recently spent some time in examining their stock, and can confidently say that those who wish to purchase any thing in the boot and shoe line, will find enough to accommodate a small empire, and of an almost endless variety of style and quality. No lady or gentleman need look any farther in search of a good, well finished and durable article, as their stock is the most extensive of any ever offered in the county, and the prices and quality of the goods keep pace with each other, and the customer can always select to please the fancy. A good article is always warranted, and if, under any circumstances, the goods do not answer the recommend, they are received back in exchange for others, and are thrown by under the counter, and labelled "condemned." Mr. Page is one of those agreeable fellows whose acquaintance is peculiarly valuable and interesting. Mr. Hagaman, who assists in the extensive sales, has no superior in his line of duty ; and the order and system adopted in the arrangement of the quality and sizes of the goods, and all the operations of the store, render it most pleasant and agreeable

to visitors, and deserves the most liberal patronage of a liberal community.

May the Big Boot stand to the outward blast,  
While the boots within find sale so fast;  
May the shoes make off, while the *rocks* roll in,  
And friend tell friend how the low price win—(s.)

Then call at the sign of the "Big Red Boot,"  
Where the shoes are nice and the boots will suit:  
Where the eye will glow, and the fancy swell,  
For PAGE & PRATT are the men to sell.

Mr. J. S. Tichenor & Son, manufacturers and dealers in hats, caps, and furs, are located at 44 Owego Street. Mr. Tichenor came to Ithaca in 1818, having less than a shilling in money to lay out in business. But he enjoyed good health, and a determined will to accomplish whatever he resolved to do. He has spent about twenty-three years where he is now situated, and the result of his labors place him in very easy circumstances, having accumulated a competence by industry and economy. As a hat manufacturer he has attained a high and honorable reputation. "Saladin's Damascus blade severed the gossamer texture of the veil as it fell across its diamond edge, and Cœur de Lion's two handled blade cut the iron bolt without a fracture to its true tempered steel." Here are instances of two qualities possessed by the elegant hats of Messrs. Tichenors—delicacy and strength. They manufacture expressly for the retail trade, and consequently warrant their hats to be as good as they are represented to be. By using good materials they are enabled to make a good hat, one that is neat and durable. Hats are none the better for being distinguished by high-sounding names, such as Palo Alto's, Buena Vista, Kossuth, or Magyar, &c. &c. Durability with fine finish is the best hat eulogist.

At the "Crystal Palace," Mr. W. M. Culver is making a fine display with his extensive assortment of hats, caps, furs, and ready-made clothing—elegant and cheap. He possesses a peculiar tact in selecting head-gearing for the

"million." Indeed, we know of no store in central or western New York where there is a greater variety of hats, caps, and clothing, than may be seen at the Palace. The selections are made with judgment and taste, and the rapid sales only prove the truth of our observations. Gentlemen may clothe themselves in rich adorning, and yet if they lack a fine, elegant hat, their appearance resembles Don Pedro, when shorn of his admirable whiskers. His predicament was a sad one, for he wept as mourners weep at the loss of a kind friend. There is another feature about the Palace worthy of notice—the low price—a desideratum which all political economists admire and search after. The "million" have found it there.

Our old friend, James Clark, we are happy to see located at No. 1 "Clinton Hall." He has on hand a very fair stock of ready-made clothing, hats, caps, and furnishing goods. Qualities and prices to suit customers. Having spent a long series of years in the cutting department, he finds it easy to fit on the first trial. Mr. Clark is making arrangements to increase his stock in trade, and all customers who may favor him with a call, may rely on being received with genuine politeness. May he "live a thousand years and his shadow never be less."

Mr. A. Phillips, in the "DeWitt Buildings," has an extensive and well selected assortment of cloths, cassimeres, and vestings, and also every variety of garment usually found in his line of trade. The price and quality of his goods keep pace with each other, and customers can choose from a \$5 to \$45 suit of clothing, and be sure of getting the worth of their money. Mr. Phillips has few, if any superiors in cutting, in the state. No New Yorker gets the start of him in style, and a coat from his store is always a little ahead of what comes from the hands of his competitors.

William P. Burdick, No. 70 Owego Street, dealer in fine

watches, jewelry, silver-ware, and fancy goods. While examining his stock a few days since, we observed that his watches embraced every variety of style and quality. Among his stock are some very elegant duplex movements, in most superb cases; fine English and French levers; ladies' watches, with ornamented cases in diamond and enamelled work, &c., together with an assortment of highly finished movements from the best Liverpool and London makers. Gold chains of various patterns, guards, fob keys and seals. Clocks of various styles and sizes. Pearl and diamond work in pins, rings, and bracelets. Plated ware of every variety and fashion. In short, his stock we should judge to be well selected, rich and tasty. He is a gentleman of fine accomplishments, and worthy of his extensive patronage.

J. Stark Burdick, watch-maker, may be found at his "post of honor," giving his valuable time and attention to the placing of the wheels of time in their proper sphere for correct motion, and compelling the hand to trace the figures on the dial with a correctness that challenges the nicest scrutiny. Having enjoyed the instructions of some of the best jewellers of the state, he is prepared to do work in a style which does him much credit. May he get the dimes and dollars, sustain his present worthy reputation, and always find hosts of good friends wherever destiny may cast his future lot. He is a gentleman of fine taste and judgment, and kowing how to appreciate a good thing, will assuredly accept with kindness this mark of friendship.

S. L. Vosburgh, 42 Owego Street, has one of the finest jewelry stores in Ithaca. His stock of goods is decidedly large and rich, making a most magnificent appearance. What he lacks in his splendid array of watches, jewelry, and clocks, need not be looked for any where else. He has an eye for the beautiful, and a will for progress and development. He keeps a little ahead of the times, that he

may not be presumed to have belonged to another century. His store is an ornament to the expectant city.

Messrs. Andrus, Gauntlett & Co. have one of the most extensive bookstores west of Albany, and they are doing a heavy business. Connected with their store they have a very respectable book and job printing office. Their power press is capable of making one thousand impressions per hour.

At the bookstore of Messrs. Wells & Selkreg, we recently noticed a beautiful assortment of books, stationery, paper-hangings, &c. We should judge from appearances that they were doing a profitable business. Every thing is kept in perfect order, and a gentleman of taste and refinement is always ready to wait on customers in the most becoming manner. Their motto is, "quick sales and small profits."

Mr. W. L. Hind & Co. have greatly improved the appearance of their store, by enlarging, neatness of finish, and the substituting of large and beautiful window lights in place of their old 8 by 10's. It is now made really attractive. They have a rich stock of goods, consisting in part of books, wall-paper, and fancy articles. With their present advantages, prompt attention to business, care and taste in selecting stock, they can hardly fail of doing a fair and increasing amount of trade.

Among the drug stores, we notice in particular those of the Messrs. Schuylers, as being about the oldest and most general in their line,—two distinct establishments located in the eastern and western part of the village. Mr. Philip C. Schuyler's, known as "West End Drug Store," we should judge from appearances, to be one of the best and most carefully conducted stores in town. Mr. S. has been for nearly twenty years connected with the drug business, and has become fully competent to judge with regard to the purity of the articles in which he deals. Despising the

idea of palming upon the ignorant or innocent, foul, filthy, poisonous compounds or nostrums, which has become too common in many parts of the country; he adopts the utmost caution in purchasing, or preparing every thing he keeps for sale.

Mr. George W. Schuyler, No. 38 Owego Street, wholesale and retail druggist. He keeps a large and well selected assortment of American and English chemicals, drugs, medicines, perfumery, dye-stuffs, and fancy goods. His store is 102 feet deep, and the order and arrangement of his goods, makes it one of the most attractive and inviting of any in Ithaca.

Mr. Schuyler is agent for the Hartford, Etna, Northwestern, and Home Fire Insurance Companies. Aggregate capital, \$1,100,000. "Insurances may be effected in the above Companies on dwellings, household furniture, stores, merchandize, &c., on the most reasonable terms, and at rates consistent with a safe and honorable business."

A. Whaley & Co., 58 Owego Street, druggists and chemists, dealers in paints, oils, spirit gas, camphene, lamps, perfumery, and varnishes, and agents for the most prominent patent medicines of the day.

Dr. A. Whaley is a practicing physician of skill and experience. His customers can, therefore, rely upon his medicines as being well selected and pure. He takes much care in preparing prescriptions, that no injurious results may arise from carelessness. He attends to professional calls in town and country.

The store is handsomely fitted up, and the proprietors and clerks are attentive, courteous, and prompt.

Dr. C. S. Miles, Seneca Street, is performing every kind of dentistry. Particular attention is paid to the execution of plate work. Artificial teeth he inserts, with or without gums, in the most scientific manner, and warrants them to

give satisfaction in every case. He has applied himself to the practice of dentistry for the last eighteen years, and has become practically and scientifically one of the best operators in this state. He inserts whole or partial sets of teeth, on fine gold or silver plate, and from specimens we have seen, we can most cordially recommend his work, believing that he can give universal satisfaction in every department of his profession.

Nor can we say less in regard to the dentistry of Dr. J. O. M. Ingersoll. He is fully prepared to perform all operations upon the teeth in the most approved style, and with the latest improvements. He is ever happy to give any information or advice, *gratis*, on the preservation of the teeth. His plate work is decidedly well executed. Naturally a genius, his practice is making him perfect. Of a firm consistent character, the utmost reliance may be placed on his word. In short, we freely recommend him as a scientific and permanent dentist operator.

Of the other dentist operators we know less, and therefore express no opinion.

Mr. P. L. VanHoesen, No. 113 Owego Street, has a general assortment of cabinet-ware, which he is offering at prices the most reasonable. Being a practical mechanic, he deems it proper and more beneficial to his customers, to manufacture his own ware, and from the best materials, thereby being enabled to produce good work.

Mr. VanHoesen is now manufacturing, and keeps constantly on hand, "Skiff's Metallic Air-Tight Coffins." We are of opinion that these coffins will, ere long, come into much more general use, the expense being about the same as for those composed of mahogany. The proprietor, in setting forth their great value, declares them to be indestructible; that the material being impervious to air, the coffin may be hermetically closed, and after the air being exhausted, the body may be preserved for an unlimited pe-

riod of time. This being true, every person can judge of their value. We have seen natural flowers preserved in this way for seven years, retaining all their early freshness and beauty. We have many reasons for presuming that the human body may, in a like manner, be preserved for ages to come. We think the invention is one of great importance, and that the manufacturer should be liberally patronized. He also keeps on hand other varieties of coffins.

The hardware store and machine shop of E. G. Pelton, Esq., No. 46 Owego Street, we visited a few days since, and were highly gratified with our various examinations. The store is 19 feet in width by 110 in depth, with a rear of 36 feet. It is composed of brick and stone, and is three stories high. The first story is filled with an extensive assortment of hardware, embracing every variety usually kept in that line of trade. The order and arrangement we found precisely to our notion—a place for everything, and everything in its place. The second story is used for a store room. It is large and spacious, and well filled. The third is occupied for the manufactory of tin, sheet-iron, copper, and brass castings of every variety and quality. The iron cellar was well filled with the coarser metals.

In the rear of the store is a well-conducted iron foundry and machine shop, for manufacturing mill gearing, cotton and woolen machinery, steam engines, shingle machines, engine lathes, and all other machinery manufactured from cast or wrought iron. We have not space to particularize, and can only give a passing opinion. His parlor and cooking stoves comprise some of the most approved patterns now in use; the heavy hardware, a very general assortment, and of shelf goods an almost endless variety. With his great facilities for manufacturing and purchasing, in connection with his extensive sales, we judge him to be doing a profitable, as well as a heavy business.

Mr. Pelton has been a resident of Ithaca for the last forty-five years; has been many years engaged in his present vocation, and has ever maintained an excellent reputation for honesty of purpose and liberality of sentiment.

Mr. John Rumsey, his experienced and attentive clerk, is ever ready and willing to attend to his various duties as clerk, or in whatever department his services may be required. Competent, active, industrious, and persevering, we take much pleasure in speaking of him as a young man of sterling worth, calculated to be useful in whatever community time or circumstances may place him.

Mr. George P. Frost, 23 Aurora Street, is one of the oldest dealers in saddlery hardware in western New York, having been engaged in manufacturing saddles, harness, trunks, &c., &c., for about thirty-two years. And although his store and contents have been twice consumed by fire, he still "survives the wreck." His assortment comprises one of the greatest variety and the most complete and general in his line of any (if we except a few important cities) in the state. His motto is, "cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best." Indeed, we were much surprised while visiting his store, to see such a variety as well as extent of goods. There were single, double, and carriage harness of every description. Ladies' and gentlemen's saddles of various styles, travelling trunks, valises, satchels, &c.—Trunks of every fashion neatly finished and decidedly tasty. Saddlery hardware and carriage trimmings, patent and russet leather, enamelled and India rubber cloths, carriage broadcloth, laces and fringe, window shades, worsted cord and tassels, elegant brass window cornishes, bands and brackets, oil-cloth carpeting, manufactured at the East, of all widths and of beautiful patterns, the most substantial we have ever seen, fly nets, cotton, worsted, and linen, mats, curry combs and brushes, the celebrated angular hames, and all other varieties, whips, an assortment

quite complete, butts and screws, saddlery tools, shoe thread and saddlery silk, malleable iron, carriage bronze, trunk trimmings and locks, and a thousand other articles we have not space to mention. Mr. Frost is a fair dealer, and is doing an extensive, and we should presume a profitable business.

Mr. L. Millspaugh, 102 Owego Street, manufacturer of single and double harness, saddles, trunks, valises, whips, carpet-bags, and mattresses. From his long experience in the business he has made himself competent to give the most perfect satisfaction to those who favor him with their patronage. He keeps constantly on hand, and manufactures to order, from the best material and of unexceptionable workmanship, every thing in his line of business. We have tried his work and found it of superior quality, not only as regards finish, but materials.

"Horse millinery of every kind  
Is essential; and there you will find  
No wanting of skill in workmen, and *more*,  
No lack of good will, he'll show you all o'er  
His own handy-work; please examine with care,  
*Harness* mounted with black, silver, brass, or more rare,  
Either double or single, you'll find very nice,  
And in winter the *jingle* he'll add in a trice,  
A *blanket* to cover your pet horse in cold,  
A *robe* to throw over when snow storms are bold,  
*India Rubber* when wet, or a *sheet* when too dry,  
Or a nice woven *net* to protect from the fly,  
And when on his back you are mounted to go,  
Should your *saddle* grow slack, ride to Millspaugh's depot,  
There all kinds and sizes for Ladies' and Gents',  
Are at your own prices, if good your intents,  
*Whip, spur, bit* and *bridle*, and all but the *gloves*  
Are there, for a rider conveniences loves,  
*Valise, trunk*, and *bag*, one and all may be had,  
For Lady or Gent, or the beardless young lad."

Mr. Edward Stoddard is engaged in manufacturing leather and purchasing wool. He pays annually, in cash, for wool, hides and skins, from forty to fifty thousand dollars. He keeps a store on the corner of Aurora and Owego Streets, for the sale of all kinds of leather, and every article commonly kept in his important branch of business. But the great bulk of his sales are made in New York,

Boston, and Providence. Connected with his business in Ithaca, is the valuable tannery of Mr. Z. Hartsough, in Varna, where there is a probability of manufacturing from five to six thousand sides of leather a year. Such an establishment is of great productive importance to the country. Indeed we regard it much more so than many of the more showy dry-good stores.

The Farmer's Blacksmith Shop, located at No. 1 Aurora Street, under the direct control and management of Mr. P. G. Smith, an experienced and skillful mechanic, we notice with pleasure, knowing that we not only do justice to Mr. S., but a favor to those who want blacksmithing done in a neat, workmanlike manner. He is doing every branch of business connected with his trade, in a manner which is fully calculated to satisfy the most reluctant mind, and which leaves competition and comparison in the distance. In shoeing horses, ironing carriages, finishing edge tools, &c., he has no superior in the county. By the DIFFEX process of hardening mill-picks, he is enabled to give the most ample satisfaction. The very liberal patronage bestowed on him, has not made him unmindful, or careless, but with him has a stronger tendency to renewed efforts to please his customers.

Mr. W. G. Snow, manufacturer and dealer in cabinet-ware, &c. Mr. Snow is an experienced mechanic, and has in his employment workmen of skill and taste. He manufactures all his wares from choice materials, not choosing to deal in eastern work, which is generally more or less slighted, either in finish, fashion, or durability. He has bureaus, book-cases, side-boards, tables, chairs, bedsteads, &c. &c. Of his work we speak knowingly. We have furnished our house with selections from his ware-room, 14 Aurora Street, and we feel that we have been fully compensated for our money. We bespeak for him an increase of patronage. As he renders a just equivalent for

what he receives, he is the man to encourage—to patronize.

The machinery in the steam blind, sash, and door factory of Mr. H. H. Moore, on Clinton Street, consists of three circular saws, one tenoning machine, one sticking, morticing, dovetailing, and such other as is necessary “for the successful and rapid manufacture of sash, blind, and door making.” The machinery is propelled by a steam engine of six horse power. During the past year Mr. Moore has manufactured some 2500 feet of blinds, and upwards of 20,000 lights of sash. The planing machine works “to a charm.” The proprietor furnishes, or makes to order, sash, blinds, or doors, of any style required, and in a durable and workmanlike manner. We cannot speak too favorable with regard to this valuable improvement, or the neatness of finish, durable construction, and variable style, which characterizes the products of this busy, humming factory.

Mr. A. S. Cowdry, carriage maker, No. 5 Aurora Street. Mr. C. is a superior mechanic—has carried on the business of carriage manufacturing in Ithaca for upwards of a quarter of a century—a most conclusive evidence of his capacity and fitness for the prosecution of so necessary a branch of mechanical labor. He keeps none but experienced workmen, and the materials used are of the choicest kind. His hubs, spokes, and fellys, are purchased at the east, and are selected with care. He aims at neatness, durability, and fashionable style. Having trimmings of the latest fashion, and other facilities, renders him fully prepared to do work in a manner not to be surpassed in Ithaca. Light carriages constantly on hand or made to order. Having thoroughly tried his work, we can, most unscrupulously recommend it as being of the most substantial order and perfect finish.

In the Daguerrean Rooms of Mr. J. V. R. Schuyler, we recently noticed many familiar and well known features—

true types of the originals. His rooms are large and airy, well furnished, and decorated with splendid pictures.— Having both sky and side-lights, and all other facilities known to be favorable to the art, we do not wonder at his furnishing daguerreotypes shadowing forth the smile of beauty and the glance of manhood's "living fire." Mr. Schuyler is an accomplished artist. He keeps a rich assortment of stock, among which may be seen some beautiful pearl cases, fit to hold within their embrace the portrait of the fairest and loveliest in the land.

His gallery is well supported, and the affable and courteous proprietor is realizing a handsome compensation for his labor and time. He has had much experience in his profession, and his natural taste and skill will doubtless continue to render his gallery as popular as his pictures are strikingly perfect.

The value of a perfect likeness should not be estimated by dollars and cents. Our father, mother, brother and sister—these have all, all departed. What would we not give for a type which would recall every feature of the lost and loved. There sits the mother mourning over the loss of her only child. It was a beautiful little gem of loveliness. But it is now cold and inanimate. The pulse has ceased to beat, the eyes are closed forever, the lips, though slightly parted, will never again move in uttering words of childish simplicity. There is the marble brow and flaxen hair, but that brow has been touched by death, and made livid, cold; and that glossy hair will no more hang in tasteful ringlets about that neck of alabaster. The little child is dead. O, what treasure would purchase of the mother the last, the only daguerreotype of her loved, lost child?—  
~~She~~ She would not part with it for crowns or golden gems.

The Clinton House is a noble structure, finished and furnished in elegant order.

Mr. Minor Colegrove, proprietor of the Ithaca Hotel,

possesses every requisite of the gentleman, one of the few who find the way to the heart and affections of all who become his guests. He is ever prepared to do the agreeable to all who visit his house. The Hotel has recently underwent a thorough repairing, and its appearance and conveniences are now decidedly attractive. His table "fixens" are of the most tempting order. The spacious parlors, long dining rooms, airy dormitories, and ample halls and passages, echoing to the steps of busy waiters and guests, coming and departing, fully bespeaks for the generous and courteous proprietor, a honied word and a rock of gold. Mr. Colegrove is just the man to succeed Mr. Seymour in the capacity of "mine host" of the Hotel. Mr. S. has been for the last seven years proprietor of this highly popular house, sustaining a reputation the most respectable, enviable and correct, as a caterer for epicurean appetites. A gentleman of taste, discretion, and liberality, he has made an impression so favorable to himself and "better half," that time alone can deface it.

The Tompkins House ranks with the first class of Hotels in this section of country. It has a pleasant location on Aurora and Seneca Streets; the rooms are pleasant, well ventilated and furnished, and all the arrangements are such as to enable the accommodating and attentive proprietor, Mr. J. W. Mosher, to give full satisfaction to the travelling and local public. Appearances indicate that no pains are spared in rendering this popular house a pleasant temporary home for the traveller.

A good livery is connected with this house, so that horses and carriages are always in readiness to accommodate customers.

The Ice Cream Saloon and Confectionery of Messrs. Brown & Roat, (successors to P. F. Dierckx,) is pleasantly situated on Owego Street. These gentlemen appear fully prepared to sustain the high reputation which this es-

tablishment acquired under the control of the former proprietor. The rooms are well furnished, and supplied with all the necessary accompaniments to please and attract the visitor. Their stock of candies is unrivalled in the county, and they are ready at all times to furnish parties and hotels with pastry and confectionery on terms the most liberal. They keep constantly supplied with all the delicacies of the season, which the epicures of the land can wish.

We think we hazard nothing in saying that every article prepared or sold by these gentlemen, is really what it should be, neat, tasty, and delicious. But to properly appreciate the saloon, and the thousand delicacies that are to be seen and had, we must visit the tables and try the epicurean preparations.

The Ithaca Tannery is situated at the head of Green and Tioga Streets, and is one of the oldest manufacturing establishments in the place. The ground which it occupies was purchased of Gen. DeWitt, by the father of the present owner, about the year 1824, and was at that time a very unsightly and undesirable lot, being cut nearly in two by gullies, overgrown with elders, and frequently covered with water.

The tannery, as originally constructed, consisted of thirty vats, and the bark was ground by horse-power. It was enlarged in 1832, and a steam engine substituted as a motive power. Subsequently it has been still further enlarged, and the old engine replaced by one more modern and powerful. It now consists of over one hundred vats, with corresponding hatches, &c. &c. We should judge that the facilities were amply competent to warrant the manufacture of enough leather to supply the entire county.

In conversation with Mr. Esty, we learned a curious feature connected with the manufacture of leather, boots and shoes. He informed us that he bought the majority of his stock of hides, &c., in Chicago, Boston, and New

York, and brought them here where they are converted into leather, and nearly one-half of the product returned by him to New York and Boston, to be manufactured into boots and shoes, and then again, perhaps, sent back here to supply the wants of this county.

That there is something wrong in this we cannot doubt, for Ithaca is as capable of supporting a manufacturing population as any village in the United States, and the fact is worthy the attention of our boot and shoe dealers, as we learn that the annual sale of work brought from abroad, amounts to about \$75,000.

Edward S. Esty, the present owner of the tannery, has a store at 56 Owego Street, for the sale of leather, findings, oils, &c., and in fact every thing used in the making of boots, shoes, and leather, where persons wishing any thing in his line may be sure to find a good stock, and at as low prices as the market will bear, for his facilities for buying and selling cheap are second to none; and his method of doing business, and endeavoring to make it to the interest of his customers to purchase of him, has already secured an extensive trade, and has warranted his making a still further enlargement of his works.

His business connection with dealers east also enables him to purchase leather, &c., at prices fully equal to those realized by parties who are less acquainted with the markets; and he is always ready to pay cash for all that is offered.

Mr. Mahlon Rowe, has recently located at 125 Owego Street, where he will keep constantly on hand, and will make to order, all kinds of light and heavy carriages, made by experienced workmen, and of choice timber and material. Spokes, hubs, fellys, etc., are of the best eastern timber. Trimmings of the latest style, and with other facilities, renders him prepared to do work in a style not easily surpassed. Mr. Rowe is a young man of energy and

promptness, and his work will sufficiently recommend him to a generous public. We have recently examined some of his carriages, and can confidently speak of them in the most approving terms. Some are really elegant.

It is not only convenient, but a decided advantage to a growing, prosperous village like Ithaca, to be accommodated with good livery establishments, and we know of no place that is better supplied. Messrs. Babcock, Cowles, & Co. have three livery offices, one on Tioga Street, and two on Owego. Their facilities to please are very extensive, having fine and elegant carriages, splendid horses and superb equipage, all of which are let on fair terms. Always accommodating when not inconsistent with justice or propriety, they find an increase of business annually growing upon them ; and such is but a natural consequence originating from their heavy outlays and determined will to please all who favor them with their patronage. May their future success be commensurate with their laudable efforts.

Mr. John Sliman, proprietor of the Ithaca Bakery, is furnishing sweet, wholesome bread, biscuit, crackers, and all kinds of cakes, in the most ample and tasty order. His Bakery is fast acquiring a just reputation and an extensive run of custom. By close attention to the wants of the community, he will, of a natural consequence, continue to render the most perfect satisfaction. Being satisfied with moderate prices, the proprietor will furnish, as usual, for wedding parties, every variety of cake and other *et ceteras*, in the most neat and delicious order. As he sells cheap, and only the best articles, he will get the most valuable custom.

Messrs. Barnard & Wood, Storage and Forwarding Merchants, and dealers in grain, flour, salt, lumber, shingles, Blossburg coal, water lime, &c. &c. These gentlemen pay cash, and the highest market price, for every thing

in their line of business. Prompt and attentive, active and energetic, they do business in the most appropriate and correct manner. They have recently leased for a term of years the mammoth storage and forwarding house of Hon. H. W. Sage, now in progress of completion. This, together with their former facilities for storage, &c., gives them an advantage over all former years.

They have also a lease of the steam Saw Mill, and are prepared to saw lumber of any required length, and in the most expeditious manner. Having one of Woodworth's powerful Planing Machines, they can furnish planed lumber of any thickness, width, or length, and to any amount, on the most reasonable terms, and with a promptness, that will be duly appreciated by those who have large orders to fill. On examining various specimens of their planed lumber, we were astonished at the correctness and smoothness of the surface produced, and at the expense of producing so perfect an article. What a vast amount of hard labor is thus saved. What a decided improvement compared with that of shoving jack, joiner, and smoothing planes! What a triumph of genius and art. That lumber thus prepared for the joiner, must soon come into very general use, we cannot doubt.

Of the meat market of Messrs. Stephens, on Owego Street, we have but a few words to offer. Their arrangement and general order of business is at once just and practicable. Every thing is in perfect keeping with neatness and good taste. In these economical times it is a consideration to save even a few dollars on one's purchases, and particularly so when equally good articles are obtained. They have not only the reputation of selling the very best meat, but they are worthy of the merit. They give their whole attention to buying and selling, and from the long experience they have had in the various branches of their business they are peculiarly fitted for their post of labor.—

Possessing liberal views, they are always willing to pay liberal prices for stock. This is a correct view ; and he who is prompted by such a sentiment usually prospers. No tradesman who is in the habit of deceiving his customers as to quality or quantity can ever flourish. Knavery and cupidity will ruin the fairest reputation. But he who purchases and sells truth on equal terms will be much more likely to establish for himself a permanent and extensive business.

“ We cannot tell you all they sell,  
But go yourself and try,  
For we’ve a mind tis there you’ll find  
The choicest bits to buy.

The Ithaca Academy at the present time is in a very flourishing and prosperous condition. The number of pupils registered the last winter term exceeded 200. The value of apparatus is more than \$1.000. The No. of volumes in the Library, 444. Six teachers during the winter term—five during the summer.

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Tuition in higher English branches and classical studies |         |
| per term,  | \$ 6,00 |
| do. common English branches,                             | 4,00    |
| do. Primary department,                                  | 3,00    |
| Music, (extra,)  | 10,00   |
| Drawing,   | 4,00    |

The closing exercises of the summer term on the first day of July were highly creditable to the institution, to the teachers, and to the young ladies and gentlemen of the school. Many of the essays and orations evinced talent and ability of a high order. The students of the institution, through one of their number, (who made a touching address to the principal,) presented him with a splendid copy of the Bible. The response of Mr. Carr to the students, for such a flattering testimonial of their esteem and confidence, furnished a strong evidence of his devotion to the interests of those under his charge, and of his fitness for his station.

From the Academy Register, it is evident that while the

home patronage remains full, that from surrounding towns is steadily increasing, furnishing the most ample assurance that the Ithaca Academy, under its efficient and faithful Principal, may soon rank among the best educational institutions of the state. Indeed, we believe that with the experienced and highly competent teachers, extensive apparatus and library, that better facilities for acquiring a sound, practical and liberal education, are not offered in any other Academical institution in this part of our country, if in the state.

The Academy buildings are large, pleasant, and commodious, having separate entrances for male and female pupils.

The average age of all the pupils in the Academy, was nearly sixteen years, according to the last annual report.

The citizens of Ithaca may well be proud of their Academy. Long may it stand a monument of their intelligence and refinement.

The moral and intellectual training in this institution is of vast importance. The young are soon to take the places of their parents, and assume the control of government. It is an imperishable truth, emblazoned upon every page of modern history, that free institutions cannot long survive, if their supporters are swayed by vicious and corrupt principles. In support of this hypothesis we have only to point to the age when Greece stood unexampled among the nations, a proud structure of human skill and wisdom, a learned, independent, and solitary Republic. To the era when Rome, having, in the majesty of her might, driven the car of victory over every then known nation, sat down in peace, the acknowledged mistress of arts and of arms, the world's wise, war-like, and also lone Republic. To the Republics of Switzerland, Holland, France, and others, of which history informs us, that they rose, flourished and fell. Virtue and intelligence were not among the mass of the

people. Power and tyrannic display too often occupied the attention and controlled the will of government officers. Licentiousness and vice gradually became diffused among the mass of the people—a power more to be feared than marching armies or crowned heads.

The young should be better educated—educated in every sense of the word. They should be better informed with regard to their own organization, of the structure and temperature of the earth—of the growth and germination of plants—of matter and the elements—of life and motion. Too many grow up and pass through life without having any definite end in view. We recollect of seeing on the premises of the renowned Santa Anna, South America, some beautiful little birds called the “Ido.” Their plumage is scarcely rivalled by any other bird. From sunrise to sunset they do nothing but sing their dull monotonous song, “Ido, ido, ido.” They make no nest, but deposit their eggs in the hot sand, where they hatch, and the young grow up without the regard or attention of the parent bird, and as soon as they are able to fly, they begin to drawl forth the song of “Ido, ido.” How many young ladies and gentlemen in our country sing the same song, “Ido, ido,” but accomplish nothing of importance to themselves or country.

With regard to the legal ability of the “Ithaca Bar,” we feel at a loss for words of our own expressive of our views, and therefore adopt a sentiment recently advanced by an eminent jurist—a sentiment most appropriately uttered, and so strikingly characteristic of truth, that we with pleasure record it :

“That the Ithaca Bar, in point of legal talent, is not surpassed by any other in this judicial district.”

The following are the firms : Messrs. Bruyn & Williams, Caleb B. Drake, C. G. Day, Dowe & Wright, Douglas Boardman, Ferris & Cushing, J. M. Ackley, Love &

Rowe, Stephen Mack, S. Crittenden, Jr., Wells & Marsh, W. R. Humphrey, Wallbridge & Finch, William Linn, W. E. McCormick.

The following Physicians constitute the Medical Faculty of Ithaca: C. Coryell, A. Whaley, H. K. Webster, John Stephens, J. E. Hawley, J. O. M. Ingersoll, J. A. Hovey, G. W. Saxton, E. J. Morgan, J. L. Wager, S. L. Sibley.

A physician, in our opinion, should be a close thinker, a strong reasoner, of cool and dispassionate judgment, should proceed with great care and caution, and if possible, never over act, especially with desperate remedies, such as calomel and the lancet. He should understand most thoroughly the pathology of disease, and how to apply the proper antidote. He should adopt the eclectic system of practice, like the bee extracting the sweets from every flower, and should aim to heal the ills, pains and sufferings of mankind by that mode of practice, which reason and common sense point out as being best calculated to affect it, whether it be Allopath, Hydropath, Homœopath, or Botanic.

But as we are not addressig a grave body of M. D.'s, and may not be thanked for our opinion, we "drop the curtain."

The first seven belong to the *Allopathic* school, the eighth to the *Botanic*, and the three last to the *Homœopathic*.

Dr. Webster, with an attentive and successful practice of twenty-eight years, has won an honorable and enviable reputation. He ranks among the most skillful. He is always cool and collected, never hasty, and never flatters without a reasonable hope. His opinion is always to be relied on as being real, for he despises that species of duplicity which is often exhibited to the patient through the treachery of the deceitful physician. He has a lucrative and extensive practice.

Dr. Hawley has long been a resident of Ithaca, and his skill as a wise and judicious surgeon is well known, having, during his residence, performed some of the most intricate and important operations in surgery, exhibiting a knowledge of the science which older practitioners might envy, while his careful management of the sick has secured him a name and reputation of that distinguished character which the younger members of the profession might well wish to secure. Possessed of an active, well balanced mind, a thorough knowledge of disease in all its various types and phases, of medicines, their virtue, power, and practical use, he is ever prepared to act wisely, cautiously, and beneficially, having a fixed purpose in view—the restoration of the sick.

Dr. Coryell is one of that class of thorough-going, energetic physicians, who, when aided by extensive scientific acquirements, a knowledge of medicine, of disease, and in short, of anatomy and physiology, is peculiarly fitted for any emergency. In cases where perplexity and doubt usually cause the common mind to waver, Dr. C. is firm, collected, and prompt to act as the urgency of the case may require. He is never at a loss, never bewildered, and never unmindful of a proper estimate of human life, or neglectful in attention to patients. We admire his activity of mind, energy of character, and determined will in any and every effort of his undertaking. He is the man for an emergency, for he never says "I can't," but adopts the more appropriate motto, "I'll try."

Dr. Saxton belongs to the Botanic class of practitioners. He possesses a wonderful power in controlling and curing dyspepsia, a disease alarmingly universal in this country, and baffling to medical skill—the disorganizer of the human system, and one of the most prominent causes of consumption. And we cheerfully recommend all thus afflicted

to give him a call at his office, No 21 Owego Street. Dr. S. does not, however, confine himself entirely to botanic remedies, but adopts to some extent the Hydropathic mode of treatment.

Dr. Morgan has but recently renounced the old school system, and yet he is acquiring a somewhat extensive practice in the Homœopathic art of curing disease; and we are told that his success is very flattering. Dr. Morgan has the life, the will, and the energy to do, and we wish him a world of success in his new faith, new effort, and firm resolve.

“Clinton Hall” demands more than a passing notice. It is a magnificent room, 48 by 66 feet, finished with a dome of 16 feet diameter in the centre. Will seat 500 persons. The drop scenery presents a fine representation of the storming of Monterey. There may be seen the two armies struggling for the mastery, the cannons belching grape and ball, while the opposing forces are being cut down by the deadly fire that rages with all the horror of an exterminating war.

In the centre stands DeWitt Clinton, wrapped in the American Flag. To the right stands the goddess of the chase, holding the bow and arrow, with her noble pointer at her feet. To the left is represented the goddess of song, mild, commanding, and devotional. In the rear stands out in bold relief, the statue of Washington, surmounted by the American eagle, and on either side float the loose folds of the American flag. Encircling the splendid dome is a beautiful wreath, and the four elements—earth, air, fire and water—each likened to a smiling winged cherub, or celestial spirit.

In short, the Hall is substantially and durably constructed, and in admirable style, both of design and finish, and does honor to the taste and enterprise of the proprietors,

Messrs. Sackett, Clark & Collins, and also to the architectural and mechanical skill of the buildiers. It is one of the best Halls in western New York.

The Ithaca Journal was established in 1818, by Ebenezer Mack, and conducted by him with much ability until 1833, when it passed into the hands of Nathan Randall.—It afterwards was successively owned by Messrs. Mattison & Barnaby, A. E. Barnaby, Wells & Selkreg, and finally by the latter gentleman, who still continues its publication.

The Ithaca Chronicle was merged out of the Republican Chronicle in 1830, and continued under the auspices of D. D. & A. Spencer up to 1845, when Mr. Spence Spencer became associated with the former firm in its publication. It is at present published by Mr. Anson Spencer & Co. Mr. A. Spencer is a practical printer, a working man, and a gentleman. He is not as vigorous and argumentative a writer as his brother D. D., yet he can flourish the quill in an off-hand shot quite respectable. Few men in western New York, have had more experience in political writing, than D. D. Spencer, and it is but justice to him to say that he has made himself a powerful and brilliant writer. Disease, is, however, making powerful ravages of the intellectual man. May he, when his last days shall have been numbered, go down to his final resting place in the quietness of that repose which knows no disturbing.

Mr. Selkreg is a much younger hand at quill driving, and yet he has proven himself competent to the task.

The Cayuga and Susquehanna Rail Road—the connecting link of communication between the waters of Cayuga Lake, and the New York and Erie Rail Road—is thirty-five miles long.

Cost of road and equipment, including coal lands in Pennsylvania, \$1,070,786,26. Average rate of speed per Express per hour, thirty miles. Rate of fare  $2\frac{3}{4}$  cents per mile.

In these days of car smashing and rail road disasters, it is pleasant to record the fact, that no "accident of any consequence has ever happened on this road." W. R. Humphrey, Esq., the intelligent, active, and energetic Superintendent, contributes much to the advancement, "prosperity and safety of the road," as well as to the security of the lives and limbs of passengers. The company, undoubtedly, appreciate his worth. With the energy and indomitable will of Mr. H., what may not one man accomplish?

The Ithaca and Newfield Plank Road is doing a reasonable amount of business.

Length of road eight miles.

|                |             |
|----------------|-------------|
| Original cost, | \$15,242,33 |
|----------------|-------------|

|                 |          |
|-----------------|----------|
| Tolls for 1852, | 1,695,20 |
|-----------------|----------|

The Telegtaph business at the Ithaca office, to and from Ithaca, amounts to about \$1000. Expense of a message of ten words, from Ithaca to New York, fifty cents. From Ithaca to Owego, twenty-five cents. To other points in proportion to the distance. The address, direction, and signature are not counted. Additional words over ten, are charged for at a less ratio.

Ithaca has held a conspicuous position, from its being the residence of Mr. E. Cornell, who has made most of the improvements to the Morse Telegraph, which has rendered it so deservedly popular, and eminently successful.

Mr. Cornell has, also, either as contractor or proprietor, built about 6000 miles of telegraph line in the United States and Canada, and is now interested as proprietor in about 5000 miles, extending from New York westward, to Chicago, Milwaukie, Galena, and St. Louis.

Ithaca is noted as being the former residence of more telegraphers than any other place of its size in the Union. Not less than one hundred persons having employment in this new branch of industry, hailed from Ithaca.

Daily stages leave Ithaca every morning for Jefferson,

Geneva, Auburn and Cortland; and every other day for Havana, by way of Newfield village.

The steamer William E. Dodge, plies daily between Ithaca and Cayuga Bridge. Capt. Buckbee, justly celebrated for discretion of character and an accommodating disposition, continues to win golden honors from the thousands who ride with him over the waters of the far-famed Cayuga.

Among the improvements of Ithaca, now in progress of completion, we have only space to mention a Gas Company, with a capital of \$75,000, now busily engaged in laying four miles of pipes, or mains, to supply the village with gas.

A new Lancasterian School House, to be erected by Mr. H. H. Moore, at an expense of \$6000.

A very large Storehouse, by Hon. H. W. Sage. Mr. S. is making arrangements to erect another on the opposite side of the Inlet.

Messrs. Taber & Co. are also erecting a Storage and Forwarding House, near the Steam Saw Mill.

The Forest City Silk Company, under the firm of Hibbard & St. John, have erected a new factory, and are about manufacturing Sewing Silk, in all its varieties; and from their extensive facilities we see no reason why they cannot produce an article, equal in value and beauty, to the best of imported Italian. The building is located on Seneca Street, and is 85 by 36 feet—an ornament to the town. The machinery is driven by a beautiful doric model engine of twelve horse power, made under the superintendence of Mr. E. L. Robbins. The Company employ from forty to fifty operatives. The water for the establishment is supplied by an *Artesian*\* well, upwards of 80 feet deep, the water rising to the surface of the ground,

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\* *Artesian* is derived from *Artois*, a beautiful town in France. Here we first saw an *Artesian* well. It was made by boring into the earth. When the auger had reached the water at a depth of 150 feet, "the internal pressure caused it to flow forth like a fountain."

soft, clear, and cold. This is a new enterprize, and if these gentlemen cannot make it successful and profitable to themselves and country, none others need make the effort. They have the energy and ability, the go-a-head principle, and the "rocks," which go far to make success almost inevitable. An enterprise of the kind has long been needed, and we regard it as being of great importance to this section of country, and we hope that the genius and tact of the company will succeed to the fullest extent in the manufacture of this valuable product.

Mr. N. J. Kellogg is adding to the many fine private residences on South Hill, a very large stone house.

The brick Store House of Mr. L. H. Culver, is progressing rapidly. It extends from his present store on Owego Street to Tioga Street, forming a complete block L. The whole, when completed, will be one of the finest and most extensive structures in this part of the state. Indeed, it will be one of the mammoth stores, being 206 by 33 and 36 feet. His is the right kind of "spirit rapping."

Messrs. Moores, Hacket, & Co., have erected, and have now in a state of completion, a large building for a Rail Road Freight Car manufactory. These gentlemen have leased, for a term of years, the extensive Iron Foundry and Machine Shop of Mr. V. Conrad, and are now fully prepared to execute all orders in their line with promptness, and on favorable terms. They have unusual facilities for manufacturing steam engines and boilers, of any desirable size, or required power. Gearing for grist or saw mills, cotton and woolen factories, besides all other machinery usually cast in an iron foundry. They will also "contract with railroad companies for freight cars ready for use, on as favorable terms as at any other establishment at the east, or elsewhere. Being themselves practical mechanics, and having much experience in their business, they have no hesitation in saying that they will supply freight cars, car

wheels, and all kinds of railroad castings, fully equal in strength and durability to the best manufactured. Particular attention will be given to this branch of the business."

They also intend to keep on hand a full assortment of the various articles commonly found at a furnace—especially such as plows, scrapers, sleigh-shoes, saw-mill cranks, &c. &c. They are gentlemen of energy and enterprise, and must succeed.

The splendid store in Stannard block, purchased last spring by Horace Mack, Esq.,\* and recently sold to Norman Crittenden, is about completed. This block is rather commanding in appearance, although it does not tower on high sufficiently to overlook the splendid "DeWitt Buildings," as Saul did the "common run" of the chosen people.

The Presbyterian Congregation are about erecting a splendid new Church where the present one now towers aloft. The aggregate expense to be about \$15,000.

A large Factory is soon to be erected at Fall Creek, by Judge Walbridge. We are informed that it will give employment to about 300 operatives.

The village trustees are deserving of much praise, for

\* About the year 1822 an almost fatal *encounter* took place between Mr. Horace Mack, at present an esteemed resident of Ithaca, and a German Fencing Master. Mr. Mack had expressed some doubts regarding the qualifications of this gentleman, who resented it very highly, and the final result was a challenge by the German to fight a duel. The challenged of course having the choice of weapons, selected pistols. The day and hour were chosen, and the place for the affair of honor appointed on the banks of the Six Mile Creek, directly opposite the reservoir of water called the "*Hemp Hole*," which was about ten feet deep. At the appointed time and place for the deadly combat to "come off," hundreds of people, of all sexes and ages, were found awaiting on the banks, where they soon expected to see the green turf drink the blood of the vanquished. The good sense of Mr. Mack and the seconds, proved most valuable. The arrangements and order were perfect. The combatants approached each other, as is usual to shake hands, when Mr. Mack, taking a rather strong hold of the man of the sword, and with a peculiar look, and a more peculiar trip and jerk, sent the offended German "head-long" into the "*Hemp Hole*," where he was received "without a dissenting voice." The roars of laughter which followed this *manœuvre*, were loud and hearty, and we doubt not are still heard by the man who failing in subduing his rival foe, took a hasty and precipitate retreat from the county.

causing the removal of those weather-beaten, ill-constructed sheds, so long a disgrace to Owego street. It has improved the appearance of the village more than any twenty ordinances ever before passed. And those beautiful show windows! What a decided improvement! To how much better advantage can merchants exhibit their goods? What an opportunity for a display of the beautiful and fanciful! And in place of those antideluvian fronts, we now see some specimens of architectural beauty, displaying much of taste and neatness.

But among all the varied improvements, we see nothing which surpasses the beauty and elegance of finish recently added to the Hat & Cap Store of J. S. Tichenor & Son. The sales room is 62 feet deep with large mirrors on either side. The whole front is composed of twelve superb lights of glass set in lightly, yet durably constructed frame work, giving to the store an appearance altogether attractive. Then those elegant and expensive marble topped counters, lend an additional attraction to the many fine decorations so much to be admired by all who have an eye for the substantial and beautiful. When fully completed, we think there will not be a more attractive store this side of the Empire City.

The Masonic Lodge, Fidelity, No. 51, has about 100 members.

Eagle Chapter, No. 58, has some 30 members.

The Iroquois Encampment has a large membership.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows has over 200 members. A widow and orphan fund of near \$2000, for aiding widows and orphans of deceased brothers.

The Independent Order of Good Templars has two Lodges, Forest City and Bristol, with a large and increasing membership.

The Sons of Temperance have a Division in good working order.

The Carson League has a capital exceeding \$1,000,000.

The principles and virtues reposing in the constituent basis of these Orders, are temperance, benevolence, mutual aid, love, purity, and fidelity. A bright and glorious galaxy of brilliants.

"Mount Ionia Cemetery," so called from the cluster of seven Islands in the Mediterranean, from one of which the name of Ithaca was taken, is tastefully laid out, and beautifully ornamented with shrubs and flowers. That portion designed for the repose of Odd Fellows, particularly drew our attention. The monument commemorative of the virtues of the departed, will be an ornament to the grounds, and alike creditable to the liberal sentiments of the Order and the object of its erection. The expense of this monumental marble will be \$385.

We read numerous inscriptions on the silent marble which bespoke the worth of the departed dead! Pausing by the tombs of two sweet little sisters, FRANCES SPENCER and ELLA, now sleeping "the sleep that knows no waking," we felt peculiarly impressed on repeating the sentiments engraven by the sculptor's hand. On the former we read the affecting words,

"MUST WE PART SO SOON."

On the latter the appropriate sentiment,

"A MORNING STAR QUENCHED IN THE BRIGHTNESS OF ITS EARLY RISING."

How very touching, tender, and truthful. Was ever a more feeling and beautiful expression written, either in commemorating the virtues of the living or the dead? Panegyrists are rivalled in truthful imagery, and poetical genius can find nothing of superior excellence.

Among the wealthiest men of Ithaca, and those who may be termed self-made men, we would mention Daniel Bates, J. B. Williams, H. W. Sage, Robert Halsey, C. L. Grant, G. D. Beers, William Andrus, W. G. Grant, William

Halsey, Joseph Burritt, Joseph Esty, L. H. Culver, J. S. Tichenor, S. B. Bates, S. and J. Giles.

The following gentlemen are the owners and occupants of very splendid private houses, and finely ornamented grounds: R. Halsey, H. S. Walbridge, J. B. Williams, H. W. Sage, T. J. Phillips, C. L. Grant, W. Andrus, E. G. Pelton, W. G. Grant, W. Halsey, G. P. Frost, G. W. Schuyler, S. & J. Giles. To these may be added the splendid mansion of Mrs. Ebenezer Mack.

And it is worthy of remark, that none of these gentlemen have ever failed in business, and are therefore enjoying the well earned fruits of their own industry.

The dwelling of Mr. Pelton is one of the finest and most commanding in Ithaca. Gazing out from its pleasant, yet ample front, the observer may feast his eyes with the surrounding beauties, looking far over the bustling village, towering steeple or pillared dome, on, on, far over the glassy wavelets, or the white crested foam of Cayuga's sparkling waters.

The village contains a population of about 7000, yet only sixty-seven deaths occurred during the past year, "less than ~~twenty~~ twenty-one per cent to the hundred." Where shall we find a more healthy village? Where one surrounded by a richer and more productive agricultural country? We dream of distant edens—of arcadian homes. We think of the mellow sunshine—the genial breeze, and the sweet scented flowers of the sunny South. We have visited some of the finest climates in the world, and whether treading the soil of a people bowing beneath the tyrant sceptre of a Royal Queen, despotic Emperor, or blood-seeking, heartless Captain General, we have invariably sighed for Home—Home, for the association of a combination of enjoyments and comforts, found in no other country. In the warmer climates the people are shorter lived—have long drizzling rains and everlasting mud—we the creaking snow

and bracing cold. True, ours is more changeable, yet perhaps as favorable to a full enjoyment of life in all its vigor, as congenial to health, as any other part of the world.

We have made in presence of gentlemen most competent to judge, various estimates with reference to the amount of trade originating from the different branches of business in Ithaca during the past year, and assuming the lowest estimate to be the nearest correct, we find that the aggregate amount exceeds \$7,000,000; which if spread out in one continuous line of one dollar bills, each averaging eight inches in length, would extend about 884 miles.

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### THE FUTURE.

The true history of a nation does not consist in the mere narration of its more prominent civil, or military deeds.—The legitimate province of the historian has a much wider range. All those facts and circumstances which exhibit the successive changes wrought from time to time in industrial and commercial resources—in the habits and customs of society—in the spirit of legislation, and in all those features and characteristics, whether of a public or private nature, which at the same time establish and distinguish national character, constitute the best material for the philosophy of History. It is thus that we find in the materials so industriously gathered up by our various Historical societies—materials running through every phase and condition of society, and extending to the most minute circumstances of private, as well as of public life—the acknowledged source of true History. We may be pardoned therefore the reflection, that the humblest citizen who groups together the various materials we have just adverted to, and thus exhibits the different stages in the development of society which have brought the humblest locality from the forest to the cultivated field, or the flourishing village, does a good work—humble and unpretending it may be,

but affording a positive addition to the means of a true national history. Any immediate interest in such an effort, will necessarily be confined (so far as the mass of readers are concerned) to the citizens of the particular locality.—For their especial interest we have undertaken the labor, and our whole purpose will be answered, if we shall have, in any degree, made more definite and certain the history of their firesides.

Our hasty compilation comprises but little more in its purpose, than such particulars as belong to the history of Ithaca alone. We shall, however, embrace the earliest opportunity, that leisure will permit, to extend our labors in this respect to the entire section of country that surrounds it, embracing most, if not all, of the state.

The names given to the townships upon what is known as the "Military Tract," smacking, as they apparently do, of some little pedantry, and frequently flinging together in a position somewhat ludicrous, the most venerated names of antiquity, do not exhibit, perhaps, the most fortunate choice in that respect. We should have much preferred, that names, for the purpose of designating such townships, had been borrowed exclusively from those sources which would characterize the ancestry of our people, or that we had repaid the red man, in some little degree, for the possession of his hunting grounds and corn fields, by preserving the expressive titles by which he knew hill and valley, lake and stream. But while our regrets are much too late, we can in part pardon the taste which gave the name of Ulysses to one of our most flourishing agricultural districts, in the past, that it undoubtedly suggested the name of Ithaca, as the title of the beautiful village which lies at the head of Cayuga Lake. The name is, in itself, euphoni-ous, and we may add in good taste, for though there is no island in the case, the position of the village is in many respects in agreement with the associations which

attach to the name. And it is not unfitting, that the home of the chaste and faithful Penelope, and the chivalrous Ulysses, should have a remembrance in the New World.

The future of the flourishing village of Ithaca, need not call in the aid of a prophetic vision to enable it to be fully seen, though its citizens do not seem disposed to imitate the somewhat laudatory style in which their neighbors in different localities on this point indulge. It will be readily granted that its position is such, as to naturally combine all those elements which conduce to the establishment of a commanding business centre. Surrounded by an agricultural district of great fertility, possessing an almost unlimited amount of water power, having already every facility for the most direct commercial intercourse, and connected, as it will be, with many of the most important of the new avenues of trade that are about to be opened, it must necessarily always command a large and constantly increasing traffick. The beauty of its location is unrivalled. Shielded by its position from the rougher embraces of the harsh climate of this latitude, every variety of fruit and flower known to the temperate zone, is lavished upon its inhabitants in the most generous profusion. The broad plain, and amphitheatre of hills, upon which the village is situated, present a landscape in which the busy commercial mart, Cayuga Lake, numerous and most picturesque water-falls, and all the most lavish gifts of nature and art, are blended in one picture of unsurpassed magnificence, which always attracts the most unqualified admiration.

To the man of business, or the man of leisure, the lover of "the haunts of men," or the lover of nature and her "various language," Ithaca presents unwonted attractions.

With less wealth than many other places of its size, Ithaca does more business. She is destined to go ahead in all her various and valuable improvements. A few years hence we expect to hear Ithaca honored with the expres-

sive title of "Queen City of the Valley." All that can awaken and inspire industry, or encourage enterprize, is here ready to aid the progressive march of improvement, create wealth, distribute blessings, dignify character, and elevate the mind.

**ITHACA AS IT WAS,**

AND

**ITHACA AS IT IS,**

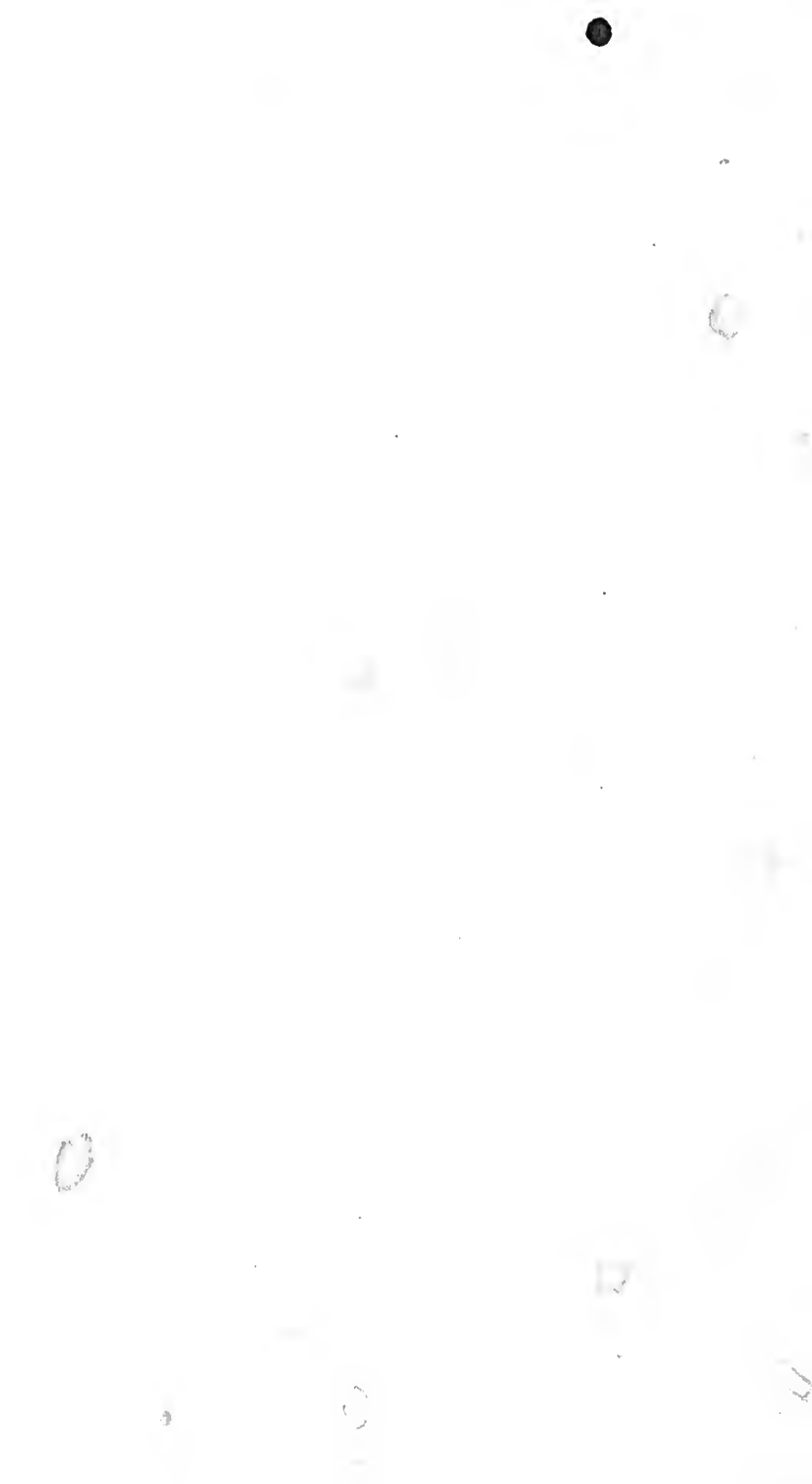
WITH

**THOUGHTS SUGGESTIVE OF THE FUTURE.**

BY H. C. GOODWIN.

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